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for the determined prosecution of the contest; and, in response to this demand, the Secretary of War says on behalf of the government, "we are prepared to prosecute the war with firm resolve and unflinching firmness. We will not reject overtures of peace; but we will not consent to any but an honorable peace. We have full confidence in the Ruler of the destinies of nations, and we have the highest hope of bringing the contest to a satisfactory issue. It is not for us to determine the time when it will be possible to bring such a war to a close; but we will bring it to such a close as will give repose to civilization, and security to those nations of Europe which have been thrown into confusion by the act of one aggressive sovereign." With such a spirit on both sides,—and France is not less determined than England,—no human eye can foresee when the struggle will end. It may, as the Czar is reported to have said, outlive the present generation.

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### THE RELIGION OF WAR:

#### OR THIS WAR A TEST OF THE CHRISTIANITY PREVALENT IN CHRISTENDOM.

It is well that we have in the New Testament an authentic and immutable record of Christianity as it came from heaven; for, if we had not, its enemies might, with no little plausibility, stigmatize what too often passes under the name as the spawn of a barbarous and bloody paganism, an embodiment of Mars and Moloch, rather than the God of Love, and the Prince of Peace; a religion of hell more than of heaven. This war is giving many a queer and revolting commentary on the misconceptions of Christianity that prevail not only among godless rulers and the rabble million, but even among the professed followers and ministers of Christ. Christians of all the great sects, Papists, Protestants and Greeks, hold the war, each on their own side, to be consonant with *their* religion, and therefore as exhibiting a fair specimen of their respective Christianity.

The proof is at hand. Look at Russia's justification of the war, as a holy crusade in defence of her faith. Hear the Pope's vindication of it *against* Russia on the same ground; and observe how the pulpit and the *religious* press of England, with singular unanimity and zeal, enforce it as a war imperative on them as *Christians*. But let us come to facts, first of the Russians, and then of the English:

**NICHOLAS AT HIS PRAYERS FOR THE WAR.** — It is well known that the Czar, last November, sent two of his sons with his reinforcements to Sebastopol; and before they left St. Petersburg, a solemn religious service was held in the presence of 35,000 of his army, when the Czar, his sons, and troops, *all kne't on the field, and invoked the blessing of heaven on their arms.*

*A Russian Archbishop before the Battle of Inkermann.* — "In heaven," said he, among other things, "it has been decreed that the sceptre which is to rule over the whole world, shall remain alone in the right hand of the Lord's appointed, the autocrat of all the Russias." The testimony from all in Russia is, that his subjects, almost to a man, regard the war as a demand of their religion, and its hearty, vigorous support as a sacred duty highly acceptable to God!

Before the same battle, a solemn celebration took place. A miss was chanted with all solemnity by bishops who had come with the archdukes. At the end of the miss, the troops were assembled, and one of the prelates addressed them. The bishop began by reminding the soldiers of their duty to the Czar and their country, and drew their attention to the two archdukes who had come to share their dangers. He then spoke of their enemies, and said they were poor soldiers, "destitute of all energy, and hostile to the cause, of God." His allusion to the French was a mere echo of the proclamation of the Czar at Moscow, in the year 1812. "If you are the conquerors," cried the bishop, in conclusion, "great joy is in preparation for you. We know from unimpeachable sources, that these English heretics have in their camp an enormous sum, which God will give into your hands. This sum amounts to thirty million roubles. The Emperor makes you a present of a third part of this tremendous sum. The second third is reserved for the purpose of rebuilding Sebastopol, which you are on the point of relieving. The remainder will be divided among the princes and officers, who will tomorrow be your commanders in the battle. Every one of you, soldiers, shall receive 580 roubles. To the wounded, the Emperor promises a month's pay and rations. As to those of you chosen by God for a glorious death, your Emperor will permit you to dispose of your share in the booty by will." The speech was terminated by an appeal to the God of armies to bless the soldiers of Russia.

**THE ENGLISH.**—Thus far the Russians; let us now see how devoutly British Christians regard the other side of the war as a matter of religion :

**MILITARY CONFIRMATION PREPARATORY TO THE WAR.**—"On Sunday, June 18, the Bishop of London confirmed 300 of the household brigade, at the Royal Military Chapel, St. James's. The Rev. R. W. Browne, chaplain to Her Majesty's forces in London, and the Rev. C. G. Nicolay, assistant-chaplain, officiated. The Bishop's address was most impressive, and the demeanor of the men very attentive and serious. On this and three former occasions, the Bishop has confirmed about 1000 of the guards."

**PIETY OF THE SOLDIERS IN THIS WAR!**—"Since the days of Cromwell," says a letter from a correspondent to one of our orthodox religious papers, "there has not existed a body of troops so enlightened on religious topics, or so well disposed towards the cause of the gospel, as that comprising the army now before Sebastopol. This character they share with the navy. Before the war commenced, a large proportion of the officers of both services — by some accounts upwards of six hundred, but probably not so many — agreed, by correspondence, to devote a certain hour each week to pray for one another, and for their comrades, &c.; and since the Crimean army took the field, the most gratifying proofs have been given of the presence of divine influence among them. The horrors and hardships of the campaign have been the means, under God, of bringing many, both officers and men, to serious views. Living on the brink of eternity, they have seen savingly how necessary it is for immortal beings to be ever ready for death and judgment."

**THE WAR A SCHOOL OF RELIGION!**—The *Montreal Witness* mentions "an extract of a letter from an officer in the Crimea, read at the associate prayer meeting, on Saturday evening last, which conveyed the gratifying information, that conversions were taking place in the camp and on the field (!) Two instances were mentioned by name, of officers who had gone to the East careless about religion, and who had there found a Saviour, lived in the daily practice of reading the Scriptures and prayer, and one of whom had died in faith. The letter also stated that there were about 300 pious

officers in the land service, and as many in the sea service in the East besides many religious men in the ranks—men who daily braced themselves up for death by prayer and faith."

"A Christian officer," says a statement made to a religious society in Manchester, England, "who had been out reconnoitering a camp late in the evening, thought he heard singing in a ravine he was passing. He dismounted, tied his horse to a bush, and creeping slowly and gently down, saw a number of soldiers standing at the bottom, singing a hymn which had been found at the close of the society's tracts. When the singing was over, the soldier who had given out the hymn read the tract aloud to his comrades, and after he had finished reading, another soldier knelt down with the rest of his comrades, and poured out his heart to God in fervent prayer, not only for those present, but for every soldier in the camp, for their country and their Queen, their kindred and their friends; but what touched him most deeply was, that with faltering voice and evidently with deep emotion, he poured out his heart in prayer to God for the enemies they were about to engage. It will be remembered, says the *Patriot*, that the last act of more than one regiment which has distinguished itself in this campaign, before leaving the British shores, was a united act of public worship. During the encampment of the troops in Turkey, there were several striking religious services in which officers and men took part. In prospect of the battle of the Alma, according to the statement of one of the chaplains, they committed themselves in solemn prayer to the Divine protection."

**PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS PRAYING FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE TURKS AND THEIR ALLIES.**—"The battle of Inkermann," says the same authority, "was, as we now learn, preceded by a remarkable intercessory meeting, at which ministers and other persons of various denominations assembled to commend the allied arms to the blessing of the God of battle. This concert of prayer took place at Constantinople. Without any foresight of the impending action, arrangements were made for simultaneous prayer in all the Protestant congregations, native and foreign, throughout the Moslem capital; and while the hostile armies were actually contending in the field, the Christians of Constantinople were thus unitedly commanding them to the care and help of heaven. During the entire progress of that tremendous conflict, and till victory crowned the cause of right (!) were its brave champions sustained by the intercessions of their fellow Christians, offered up in six different languages, and in twice as many separate services, in the capital of the empire whose independence is at stake. When it is remembered, that in addition to this special concert of prayer, there probably is not one place of Protestant worship in the three kingdoms, from which, during the most uncertain stages of the protracted conflict, prayers were not ascending to Almighty God, that he would frustrate the efforts of the aggressor, and succeed those of the champions of liberty and right, (!) it is not merely warrantable to believe, but it would be impious to doubt, that the wonderful issue of so unequal a contest was in answer to prayer."

Here, then, we have Christian against Christian, conscience against conscience, and prayer against prayer to the same God for success in sending each other to hell! Nay, startle not at such a conclusion; for this *must* be the result, if each party judges rightly of their own cause. If the combatants on one side are right, those on the other must, of course, be wrong, so wrong as to *deserve* perdition. No other view can justify either party in the contest; and this view compels the supposition, that both are fighting and *praying* for the terrible result we have expressed in plain, blunt English, just because we wish men to look the naked truth square in the face.

Well did Erasmus, more than three centuries ago, say of such scenes as are now enacting before Christendom and the world—"The absurdest circumstance of all is, that you see in war among christian nations, the cross glittering and waving on high in both the contending armies at once. What a shocking sight! Crosses dashing against crosses, and Christ on this side firing bullets at Christ on the other! Cross against cross, and Christ against Christ, and prayers at the same time from both armies to the same God of Peace."

HOW IT SEEMS TO A LOOKER-ON.—Around and in Sebastopol were gathered, at our last accounts, more than one hundred thousand of the chivalry of Christendom. Science, Art, Wealth, Genius, have done their utmost to provide and equip these men with every thing calculated to increase their efficiency. Here is a force capable of making short work of canalizing the Isthmus of Suez, and shortening, by more than half, the route by steam and sailing between Christendom and the four hundred millions of India and China. What are they doing to justify such an aggregation of the noblest blood of Europe, and to require a total outlay equal to the wealth of a kingdom? They are hacking, and maiming, and slaying each other as fast as the most devilish enginery will enable them to do so. All day, all night, the cannon bellow, the shell whizzes, the round shot crashes through squadron and platoon. Here horses run frightened and riderless; there ball is heated red-hot to pierce and explode the magazine, or set the ship on fire. Want, irregularity, exposure, sleeplessness, hurry thousands after thousands to their graves—but no; even those who are covered with earth, have nothing worthy the name of sepulchre. The stench of unburied corpses corrupts the chill air of November; hence pestilence assails those whom rocket and bomb have spared. Amputated arms and legs lie in unregarded piles; mutilated but living bodies, in every form of gory disfigurement, crown every hovel, and shrieks of agony stifle the reckless jollity of the camp. Grim death claims fresh victims every moment, while thousands in mangled agony pray eagerly for the stroke which will come, but still delays. What have men ever heard or dreamed of Hell that equals this aggregate of torture and horror?

Surely, some Scythian butcher, some Pagan devastator, of the breed of Attila or Jenghis-Khan, must have burst with his innumerable hordes from the great hives of Central Asia upon the frontier of civilization, to render possible such a pandemonium in the middle of the nineteenth century! On the contrary, the principals in this carnival of murder are three of the foremost nations of Christendom, representing respectively its three principal divisions—the Greek, Roman and Protestant Churches. The first vaunts itself preeminently "Orthodox;" the second is *par excellence* "Catholic;" the third is ranged under the banner of the "Defender of the Faith." Nay; the earliest pretext of this gigantic butchery was a squabble between the rival adherents of Greek and Roman Orthodoxy, for precedence in the house of prayer erected over the alleged sepulchre of the crucified Prince of Peace; and the earthly head of the Russo-Greek Church was the immediate author of this horrible carnage. He—Czar Nicholas, chief champion of Orthodoxy, Christianity and Order,—he, sole bulwark of "Family, Property and Religion,"—is the stirrer up of this infernal fray, and his instrument, Menchikoff, is now commander of one of the mighty hosts intent on destroying each other! Nay, more! Russian Priests and Bishops are blessing banners, and performing all manner of incantations, to excite the combatants on their side to massacre those on the other, assuring the deluded simpletons that they are fighting for Christianity and "holy Russia," and that all who die so fighting are transported to eternal bliss. Of course, the priests of the antagonistic nations are equally profuse in the employment of

this same cheap incentive to heroism. And so the chariot of war runs on, crushing under its pitiless wheels more victims than any Pagan Juggernaut, and resolved not to stay its bloody course until one or both armies shall have been annihilated.

Is it a wonder that the world is full of infidels, when such deeds are done in the name of Christianity? How shall Paganism be converted, when the sea which separates Europe from Asia is reddened by a river of blood shed by Christians in fraternal warfare? Is it not manifestly the first duty of those who would diffuse the faith of the Redeemer, to christianize Christendom? — *N. Y. Tribune.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## LETTER FROM REV. TITUS COAN.

HILO, HAWAII," Sept. 15, 1854.

*My Dear Brother*,—Your excellent letter of May 20th, with enclosed circular, &c., came to hand several weeks ago, and on the 2nd inst., I hailed with delight your shipment of Peace Messengers. Yes, all are before me. Your thrice welcome epistle is spread out on my desk, and the publications of your Society are piled up at my right hand. A thousand thanks for your warm-hearted and truly fraternal letter. I also thank you in the name of this church, in the name of man, and in the name of mercy and peace, for the liberal donation of your Society's publications just received. I look upon them as a *bulwark* against the enemy,—as a *grand battery*, to silence the thunders of war,—as a *magazine*, to shatter the arsenals of death,—as a *park* to batter down the ramparts of *wo*, — and as a *fire engine* to extinguish a burning world.

"These weapons of our holy war,  
Of what Almighty force they are!"

Your Society is on a *rock*. Your position is impregnable; and the walls and buttresses of Gibraltar, Malta and Helena, will fall before your cause fails.

My figures may look belligerent; but our "*weapons* are not *carnal*." Truth, love, meekness, reason, logic, wisdom, justice, philosophy, economy, mercy,—a holy sisterhood, are all with you; and the time will come when the moral sense of the world will flow as a deep and broad river in the channel pointed out by peace-makers. Hitherto the nations have been "*mad*," and they are still so. Long have dark clouds of fearful portent hung in our eastern horizon; and now they roll up in dense and fiery masses, and burst with awful uproar upon a gazing world. But this storm will pass over—this whirlwind of wrath will sweep through the sky and disappear,—this electricity of hell will flash, and roar, and roll on; again and again the elements of strife may be awakened, and all the powers of wrath be marshalled. Tempest may succeed to tempest, and the warring elements may scatter desolation wild and wide over the earth. All this *may* be; and yet we hope for better things. One thing is sure, a day of peace will yet dawn on our wretched world,—the storms of passion will have subsided,—the whirling wind, the tempest, the hurricane of war will have spent its fury, and a morning of peaceful repose will come. The Sun of Righteousness will break through the gloom of ages, and his mild and holy radiance shall flood every land. A blander and purer atmosphere shall be breathed by all nations—purer and brighter as one of the effects of the spent storm. God "maketh the *wrath* of man to praise Him." This is our *hope*, and it "is within the *vail*." This is our *faith*, and it is on "*the rock*;" nay—it is *rock itself*.